THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS—IT'S

# TERRIFIC

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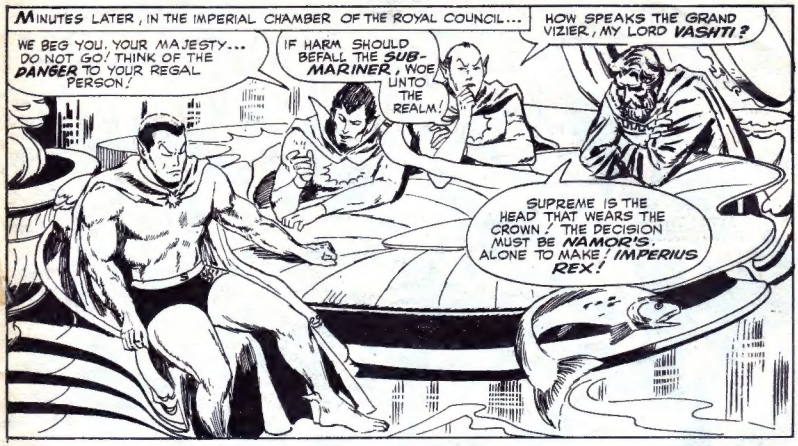
A POWER COMIC

No. 8 3 JUNE 1967 EVERY MONDAY NINEPENCE

ALSO INSIDE: PRINCE NAMOR, The Sub-Mariner

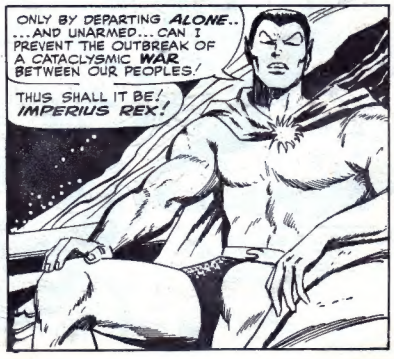
Prince Namor, THE SUB-MARINER!
"To Walk Amongst MEN!"
I MUST INFORM THE ROYAL COUNCIL OF MY DECISION TO RETURN TO THE SURFACE WORLD! FOR SUCH IS THE WRITTEN LAW!
IMPERIUS REX!
ALL HEADS TURN AS THE MIGHTY MONARCH OF ATLANTIS STRIDES TOWARD HIS PALACE ROYAL! VERILY, THIS IS NAMOR, THE AVENGING SON... ABOUT TO MAKE ONE OF THE MOST MOMENTOUS DECISIONS OF HIS LIFE!
LIVING PROOF, FOR ALL TO BEHOLD, OF THE PRE-EMINENCE OF POWER!
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1965


MINUTES LATER, IN THE IMPERIAL CHAMBER OF THE ROYAL COUNCIL...
HOW SPEAKS THE GRAND VIZIER, MY LORD VASHTI?
WE BEG YOU, YOUR MAJESTY... DO NOT GO! THINK OF THE DANGER TO YOUR REGAL PERSON!
IF HARM SHOULD BEFALL THE SUB-MARINER, WOE UNTO THE REALM!
SUPREME IS THE HEAD THAT WEARS THE CROWN! THE DECISION MUST BE NAMOR'S. ALONE TO MAKE! IMPERIUS REX!

SIRE, THE HUMAN RACE HAS EVER TRIED TO SLAY THEE... AND WITH EACH PASSING HOUR THEIR WEAPONS GROW MORE DEADLY!
YOUR WORDS HAVE THE RING OF TRUTH, MY LORD!

BUT IF I IGNORE THIS CHALLENGE TO OUR EMPIRE, THEN I AM NOT WORTHY TO POSSESS THE SACRED TRIDENT OF NEPTUNE!
WHEN DANGER THREATENS, THEN MUST A MONARCH ACT!

SUPREME IS THE WORD OF NAMOR! BUT, SURELY YOU WILL TAKE A VAST ARMADA WITH YOU... TO PROTECT YOUR ROYAL PERSONAGE!
NOT SO, MY LORD!


ONLY BY DEPARTING ALONE... ...AND UNARMED... CAN I PREVENT THE OUTBREAK OF A CATACLYSMIC WAR BETWEEN OUR PEOPLES!
THUS SHALL IT BE! IMPERIUS REX!

AND, EVEN AS NAMOR LEAVES THE ASSEMBLED NOBLEMEN, ANOTHER VIOLENT EARTH TREMOR OCCURS A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

THROOOMM!

KRAK!

OFF THE STREETS! TAKE COVER! INTO THE SHELTERS! INTO THE SHELTERS!

HURRY! IT IS DEATH TO REMAIN ON THE STREETS!

SAVE ME, MY HUSBAND! SAVE ME!

QUICK! GIVE ME YOUR HAND!

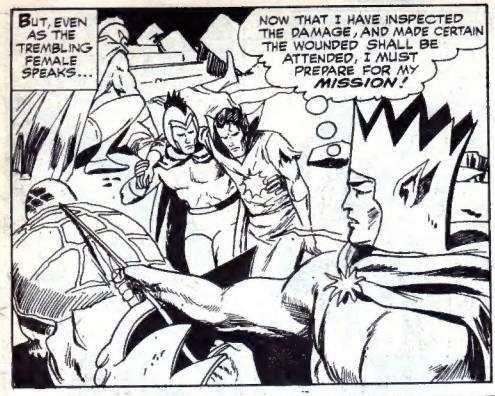
THEN, AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD BEGUN, THE AWE-SOME UPHEAVAL FINALLY SUBSIDES...

...LEAVING, IN ITS WAKE, THE MOANS OF THE INJURED, AS THEY LIE BESIDE THE NEWLY-FORMED CREVASSES AND EARTH FISSURES...

IT IS OVER! WE ARE SAFE NOW!

BUT, FOR HOW LONG?? IF THESE QUAKES CONTINUE, OUR LAND WILL BE DESTROYED!

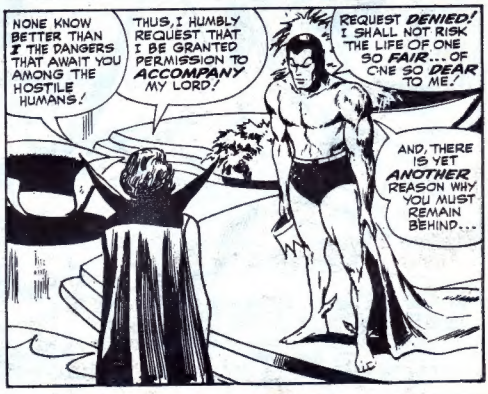
WHAT OF PRINCE NAMOR? WHY DOES HE DO NOTHING??


BUT, EVEN AS THE TREMBLING FEMALE SPEAKS...
NOW THAT I HAVE INSPECTED THE DAMAGE, AND MADE CERTAIN THE WOUNDED SHALL BE ATTENDED, I MUST PREPARE FOR MY MISSION!

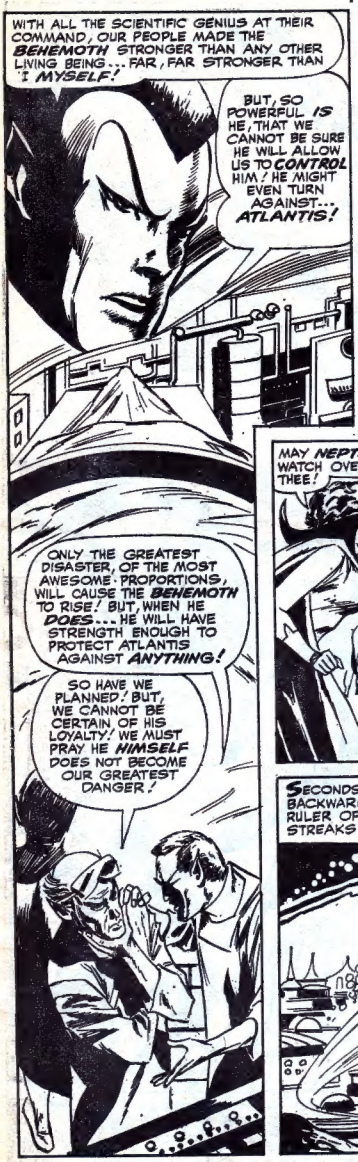
I KNOW THAT NONE BUT THE HUMANS CAN BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS CARNAGE! AND ONLY THE SUB-MARINER CAN PUT AN END TO IT!

THEY ARE MERELY CONDUCTING THEIR ACCURSED UNDER-WATER TESTS... LITTLE SUSPECTING THAT ATLANTIS LIES BELOW THEM!
I SHALL ORDER THEM TO CEASE! AND IF THEY DO NOT HEED MY WORDS... BUT, I MUST NOT EVEN THINK OF THAT!
FOR TRULY, THE CONSEQUENCES WOULD BE TOO DIRE FOR MORTAL IMAGINATION!

FIRST, I MUST DIVEST MYSELF OF MY ROYAL TRAPPINGS...
MY PRINCE! IS IT TRUE THAT YOU INTEND TO JOURNEY TO THE SURFACE ONCE AGAIN ??
YOU HAVE HEARD CORRECTLY, MY LADY!


NONE KNOW BETTER THAN I THE DANGERS THAT AWAIT YOU AMONG THE HOSTILE HUMANS!
THUS, I HUMBLY REQUEST THAT I BE GRANTED PERMISSION TO ACCOMPANY MY LORD!
REQUEST DENIED! I SHALL NOT RISK THE LIFE OF ONE SO FAIR... OF ONE SO DEAR TO ME!
AND, THERE IS YET ANOTHER REASON WHY YOU MUST REMAIN BEHIND...

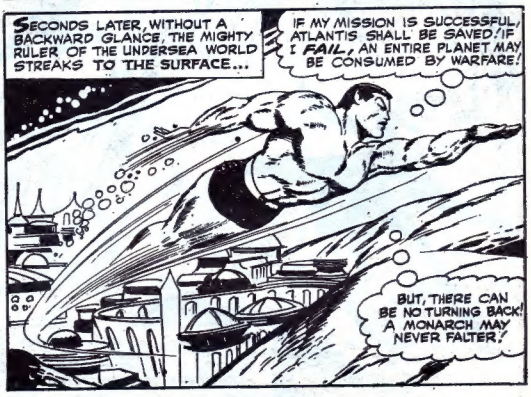
DUE TO ALL THE EARTHQUAKES... ALL THE VIOLENT UPHEAVALS...
...THE BEHEMOTH MAY RISE AT LAST!
THE BEHEMOTH?! OH, NO... NO!!
THAT IS WHY YOU MUST REMAIN!
SHOULD THE MONSTER RISE, I MUST BE WARNED IMMEDIATELY! IT IS FOR YOU TO MAINTAIN THE VIGIL... NO MATTER HOW DIFFICULT IT MAY BE!
I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN ABOUT... THE BEHEMOTH! IT HAS BEEN SO MANY YEARS...!
AYE, BUT TIME IS MEANINGLESS TO HIM! FOR DECADES HE HAS REMAINED HIDDEN... BURIED IN A SECRET PART OF THE KINGDOM... WAITING FOR THE DAY WHEN HE SHALL RISE!
AND... THINK YOU THE TIME IS COME??
IT IS NOT FOR ME TO SAY! HE WAS CREATED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE LAST HOLOCAUST... THE TRAGIC ERA WHEN ATLANTIS WAS ALMOST DESTROYED... WHEN I MYSELF ALMOST LOST MY KINGDOM! THE BEHEMOTH IS OUR GUARANTEE THAT SUCH A DISASTER WILL NEVER OCCUR AGAIN!


WITH ALL THE SCIENTIFIC GENIUS AT THEIR COMMAND, OUR PEOPLE MADE THE BEHEMOTH STRONGER THAN ANY OTHER LIVING BEING... FAR, FAR STRONGER THAN I MYSELF!
BUT, SO POWERFUL IS HE, THAT WE CANNOT BE SURE HE WILL ALLOW US TO CONTROL HIM! HE MIGHT EVEN TURN AGAINST... ATLANTIS!
ONLY THE GREATEST DISASTER, OF THE MOST AWESOME PROPORTIONS, WILL CAUSE THE BEHEMOTH TO RISE! BUT, WHEN HE DOES... HE WILL HAVE STRENGTH ENOUGH TO PROTECT ATLANTIS AGAINST ANYTHING!
SO HAVE WE PLANNED! BUT, WE CANNOT BE CERTAIN OF HIS LOYALTY! WE MUST PRAY HE HIMSELF DOES NOT BECOME OUR GREATEST DANGER!

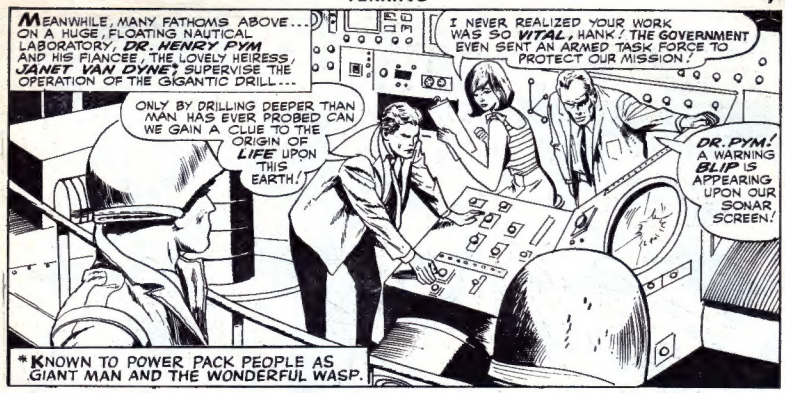
REMEMBER, MY LOVELY ONE... IT IS FOR ME TO DO BATTLE, WHILST YOU BE MY EYES AND MY EARS AT HOME!
I SHALL BE BRAVE DURING YOUR ABSENCE, MY PRINCE! AND, THOUGH IT TAKES AN ETERNITY, I SHALL KEEP THE VIGIL UNTIL YOU RETURN!

MAY NEPTUNE WATCH OVER THEE!
LET ME NOT FALTER! LET ME BE BRAVE! LET ME NOT CRY OUT WHILE HE IS STILL WITHIN HEARING!

IM-- IMPERIUS REX... MY TRULY BELOVED...!


SECONDS LATER, WITHOUT A BACKWARD GLANCE, THE MIGHTY RULER OF THE UNDERSEA WORLD STREAKS TO THE SURFACE...
IF MY MISSION IS SUCCESSFUL, ATLANTIS SHALL BE SAVED! IF I FAIL, AN ENTIRE PLANET MAY BE CONSUMED BY WARFARE!
BUT, THERE CAN BE NO TURNING BACK! A MONARCH MAY NEVER FALTER!

THEN, AFTER LONG MOMENTS OF SWIMMING, OF HURTLING UPWARD AT A SPEED WHICH VIRTUALLY DEFIES BELIEF, THE SUB-MARINER SEES...
A GIGANTIC DRILL... BORING DEEPER AND DEEPER TOWARD THE CENTRE OF EARTH!
THAT IT IS WHICH HAS CAUSED THE DEVASTATION OF MY KINGDOM BELOW! AND, THE LONGER IT CONTINUES TO DESCEND, THE GREATER SHALL BE THE DAMAGE!
YET, MY HEART IS GLADDENED BY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT IT IS MERELY A SCIENTIFIC PROBE BY THE SURFACE DWELLERS... ONE OF THEIR MANY ATTEMPTS TO UNLOCK THE SECRETS OF THE SEA!
RATHER THIS, THAN AN ARMED INVASION! FOR THIS SHALL BE A SIMPLE MATTER FOR NAMOR TO HANDLE!
BUT, ALAS...THE AVENGING SON HAS MADE ONE OF HIS RARE MISCALCULATIONS! THE TASK WHICH AWAITS HIM SHALL PROVE TO BE FAR MORE DIFFICULT...FAR MORE DANGEROUS THAN HE SUSPECTS...!


MEANWHILE, MANY FATHOMS ABOVE... ON A HUGE, FLOATING NAUTICAL LABORATORY, DR. HENRY PYM AND HIS FIANCEE, THE LOVELY HEIRESS, JANET VAN DYNE*, SUPERVISE THE OPERATION OF THE GIGANTIC DRILL...
ONLY BY DRILLING DEEPER THAN MAN HAS EVER PROBED CAN WE GAIN A CLUE TO THE ORIGIN OF LIFE UPON THIS EARTH!
I NEVER REALIZED YOUR WORK WAS SO VITAL, HANK! THE GOVERNMENT EVEN SENT AN ARMED TASK FORCE TO PROTECT OUR MISSION!
DR. PYM! A WARNING BLIP IS APPEARING UPON OUR SONAR SCREEN!
*KNOWN TO POWER PACK PEOPLE AS GIANT MAN AND THE WONDERFUL WASP.

HE'S RIGHT! WHAT DOES IT MEAN, DARLING?
I DON'T KNOW, JAN! BUT IT'S TRAVELLING TOWARDS US AT FANTASTIC SPEED!

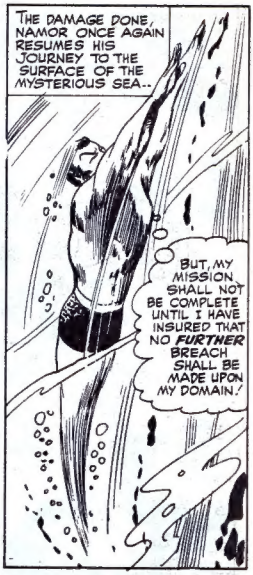
THE DRILL! IT'S DEVELOPED A MALFUNCTION! SOMETHING'S WRONG BELOW... FRIGHTENINGLY WRONG! THE CONTROL LEVER IS JAMMING!

EASY, DR. BARNES! DON'T FORCE IT! IT'S CAUSED BY THAT UNKNOWN PRESENCE BELOW!
LET'S WAIT TILL WE LEARN ITS PURPOSE!

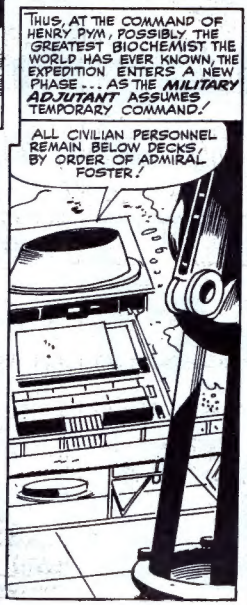
SHALL I ALERT THE GUARD, DR. PYM?
YES! ORDER ALL UNITS TO STAND BY! CONDITION IS RED!

THEN, AS THE SMALL EXPLORATORY FORCE ABOVE ASSUMES A COMBAT-READY ATTITUDE, THE RIGHTFUL RULER OF ATLANTIS STRAINS HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES ALMOST TO THE BREAKING POINT, UNTIL AT LAST...
I'VE DONE IT! I'VE CAUSED THE INFERNAL DEVICE TO COME TO A HALT!

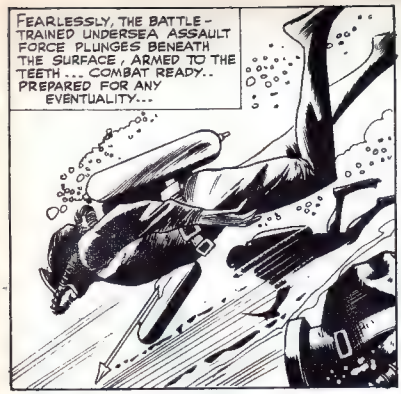
NOW, BY SUDDENLY TWISTING IT IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, I'LL SNAP THE CONTROL GEARS, PUTTING IT OUT OF OPERATION PERMANENTLY!
CRACK!

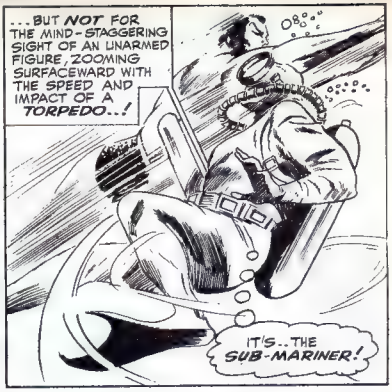

THE DAMAGE DONE, NAMOR ONCE AGAIN RESUMES HIS JOURNEY TO THE SURFACE OF THE MYSTERIOUS SEA...
BUT, MY MISSION SHALL NOT BE COMPLETE UNTIL I HAVE INSURED THAT NO FURTHER BREACH SHALL BE MADE UPON MY DOMAIN!

THE BLIP IS COMING CLOSER... AT ALARMING SPEED! IT WILL BE UPON US WITHIN SECONDS!
PUT "PLAN INTERCEPT" INTO OPERATION... ON THE DOUBLE!


THUS, AT THE COMMAND OF HENRY PYM, POSSIBLY THE GREATEST BIOCHEMIST THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN, THE EXPEDITION ENTERS A NEW PHASE... AS THE MILITARY ADJUTANT ASSUMES TEMPORARY COMMAND!
ALL CIVILIAN PERSONNEL REMAIN BELOW DECKS, BY ORDER OF ADMIRAL FOSTER!

FROGMEN... ATTACK!!


FEARLESSLY, THE BATTLE-TRAINED UNDERSEA ASSAULT FORCE PLUNGES BENEATH THE SURFACE, ARMED TO THE TEETH ... COMBAT READY.. PREPARED FOR ANY EVENTUALITY...


...BUT NOT FOR THE MIND-STAGGERING SIGHT OF AN UNARMED FIGURE, ZOOMING SURFACEWARD WITH THE SPEED AND IMPACT OF A TORPEDO...!
IT'S..THE SUB-MARINER!

HE MUST BE STOPPED BEFORE HE CAN REACH THE COMMAND SHIP!
PRESSURE
THESE FEW PUNY HUMANS ARE BENEATH MY NOTICE! I MUST REACH THEIR LEADER!

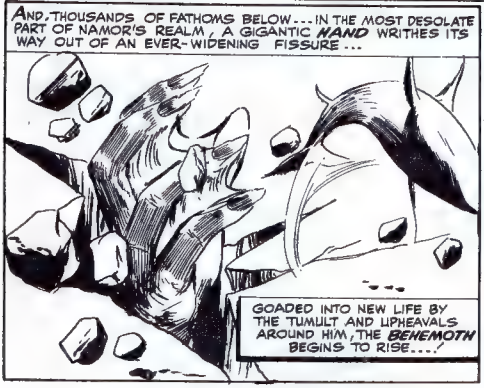
IT'S USELESS! HE CAN OUTSWIM OUR SPEARS AS THOUGH THEY'RE STANDING STILL! WE CAN'T STOP HIM!

SECONDS LATER, WE ARE PRIVILEGED TO WITNESS ONE OF HISTORY'S MOST DRAMATIC SIGHTS...THE REGAL HEAD OF THE SUB-MARINER, ONCE AGAIN BREAKING THE SURFACE...!
LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS! PRINCE NAMOR COMMANDS!
IT'S THE SUB-MARINER! AND...HE'S THREATENING US!

THE FROGMEN'S SPEARS COULDN'T STOP HIM ... BUT OUR RIFLES WILL!
LET HIM HAVE IT!

FIRE AT WILL!
NO POINTY-EARED SON-OF-THE-SEA IS GOING TO CHASE US OUT OF INTERNATIONAL WATERS!
PA-KOW!
PA-KOW!

SO!! ONCE AGAIN THE HUMANS CHOOSE TO FIGHT, RATHER THAN NEGOTIATE! MY ROYAL COUNCIL WAS RIGHT! THEY ARE BEYOND REASON!
BUT, IF IT IS BATTLE THEY SEEK ... IT IS BATTLE THEY SHALL GET!


AND, THOUSANDS OF FATHOMS BELOW ... IN THE MOST DESOLATE PART OF NAMOR'S REALM, A GIGANTIC HAND WRITHES ITS WAY OUT OF AN EVER-WIDENING FISSURE ...
GOADED INTO NEW LIFE BY THE TUMULT AND UPHEAVALS AROUND HIM, THE BEHEMOTH BEGINS TO RISE ...!

WHILE, UN-AWARE OF THE DANGER BELOW ...
NO MERE BULLETS SHALL STRIKE PRINCE NAMOR!!

WHILE THEY SEEK ME OUTSIDE, I SHALL BOARD THEM FROM BELOW!

AND THEN, IN ONE OF THE MOST MOMENTOUS MEETINGS EVER RECORDED, THE SOVEREIGN OF THE SEVEN SEAS BRAZENLY ENTERS THE EXPEDITION'S COMMAND ROOM, STANDING ALONE, UNARMED ... WITH NAUGHT BUT HIS NATURAL POWER AND COURAGE TO SUSTAIN HIM ... AS HE APPROACHES THE UNFALTERING SCIENTIST WHOM THE WORLD KNOWS AS HENRY PYM ...!
HOLD IT, FISH MAN! TAKE ANOTHER STEP AND WE FIRE!
WHY WAIT? WE SHOULD BLAST HIM NOW... WHILE WE HAVE THE CHANCE!
STOW IT, SOLDIER! THE LIEUTENANT KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING! NAMOR CAN'T CAUSE ANY HARM WITH ALL THIS HARDWARE TRAINED ON HIM!
NAMOR'S BEEN IN TOUGHER SPOTS THAN THIS BEFORE, AND HE'S ALWAYS ESCAPED! LETTING HIM LIVE IS LIKE KEEPING A TIME BOMB ABOARD THE SHIP!
IT IS YOU WHO CONTROLS THE DRILLING OPERATION! I COMMAND YOU TO HALT YOUR PROJECT AND LEAVE THIS AREA ... BY ORDER OF NAMOR THE FIRST, LORD OF ATLANTIS!
YOUR RANK MEANS NOTHING TO US, MISTER! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO ... AND WE'RE DOING IT! NOW STAND ASIDE ... OR I WONT BE RESPONSIBLE...
BUT, A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD DOES NOT STEP ASIDE ... AND WE SHALL SEE THE INCREDIBLE CONSEQUENCES NEXT WEEK! BY THE WATERY WAND OF NEPTUNE, YOU MUST NOT MISS IT!
IMPERIUS REX!

# news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

*DEPARTMENT OF INFORMATION.* **Have you noticed how we gracefully surrendered to all the frantic fans who have been clamouring for more pages of fun ? We would have done it before, but we didn't want to settle for anything less than something rather special. Then, two weeks ago, along came "The Cloak" and we just had to make room for him in POW or spend the rest of our lives feeling guilty about not letting you know about him. "The Cloak" is drawn and scripted by brilliant newcomer Mike Higgs. Marvellite Mike comes from Birmingham—and he'll be going a long way. "The Cloak" is the first strip he's ever had published, but you don't need us to tell you that it won't be the last.**

*We've had an S O S from Tony Roche of 2 St. John's Park, Mountstown, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, Ireland. (Hope we got the spelling right, Tony, because we had difficulty with your letter. What did you write with—an inky spider ?) Two or three months back Tony had a letter published in one of our* Power *columns and he talked about his* fanzine. *He's asked us to make it clear that this is his own publication and that anyone who wants a copy must write to him direct. There you are, Tony—we've done it, we've made ourselves feel all good.*

## TWENTY FRANTIC FOLLOWERS . . .

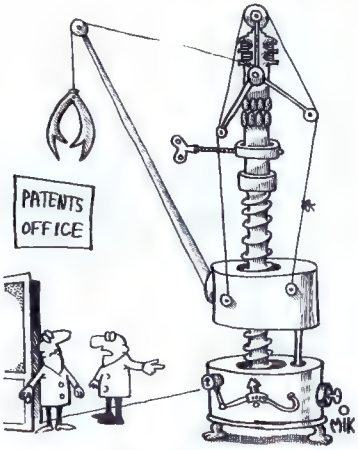
*Linda Savage, Morden, Surrey ; Roger Barnden, Palmers Green, London ; David Powell, Hinckley, Leics ; James Rawlings, Crowborough, Sussex ; Jeremy Hendon, Harlow, Essex ; Valerie Egan, Dublin, Ireland ; Keith Charlesworth, RAF Wyton, Hants ; David Clark, Colchester, Essex ; Christopher Copp, Exeter, Devon ; Andrew Goding, Eastbourne Sussex ; Alistair Meike, Dorchester, Dorset ; James Percy, Hampstead, London ; Timothy Hamilton, Harrogate, Yorks ; Nigel Hamson, Huddersfield ; Peter Blake, Gosport, Hants ; Adrian Corp, Taunton, Somerset ; John Lyle, Wolverhampton, Staffs ; Ferenc Aszmann, Herne Hill, London ; John Hammond, Portsmouth, Hants ; David Byrom, Wetherby, Yorks.*

Believe it or not we're still receiving letters from girl fans who've got the mistaken idea that they're the only members of the female sex who are Power fans ! Fact is, about a quarter of all the letters we receive are from girls. We often wonder which of our handsome heroes you girls would vote top of the pin-up parade—if we ever had a poll. We have a sneaking suspicion that the character who'd net most votes would be Sub-Mariner. But we've been wrong before—especially when we try to read a woman's mind !

'Nuff said.

## FRANTIC FUN

"Trust you to forget the bottle opener !"




"It cracks nuts !"

# TERRIFIC NEWS!

**SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:—**
***TERRIFIC***
***64, LONG ACRE***
***LONDON, W.C.2***

Dear Alf and Bart,
I have a complaint to make. Every Monday morning my Dad puts his alarm-clock under his pillow so that I can't hear it go off, and rushes down to get my FANTASTIC (sure is a suitable name) and my TERRIFIC (ditto). The only time the problem was solved was when you gave away those pocket missile launchers—he was only too glad to hand over the mags to play with those ingenious devices—heh, heh. Oh well, I can't write any longer I just gotta read my TERRIFIC again!
Be seeing you,
Glen Wall,
Worthing, Sussex.

*What a cunning fella for a Dad, Glen, but couldn't you steal a march on him, you know—stay up all night or something?!*
*Alf and Bart.*

Dear Alf and Bart,
Here is a thought. Please would you print your Power-House pin-ups on a loose leaf of paper as I am not going to cut up my power comics.
Oh yes, I nearly forgot, let's have a new power comic on the lines of TERRIFIC with Captain America, Daredevil, Giant Man and the Wasp.
David Cooney,
Bromley, Kent.

*Sorry about the pin-ups, David, but it would just cost too much to print them on loose leaflets. So you're out there baying for another Power mag—what do you think we are, some kind of mutants who never sleep?*
*Alf and Bart.*

Dear Alf and Bart,
Some time ago you talked about rings under your eyes. Well, you should see mine. This is what comes from reading POW, FANTASTIC, WHAM etc. and TERRIFIC (natch) in bed. I have to read it in bed because I can never get it off my brother at any other time. He reads it about 64 times before he notices me begging and beseeching him to let me read it. Then he says, "Let me finish reading it first!" He gets me mad but when I finally get it I always find it worth waiting for.
Heather Taylor,
Alvaston, Derby.

*So you've got brother trouble, Heather, but with a pound in your purse you should be able to have him grovelling at your feet for a while.*
*Alf and Bart.*

Dear Alf and Bart,
I have a dim memory of the day the first TERRIFIC came out! I ran home from the newsagent's with the best comic yet. My Mother asked me, "What do you think of your new comic?" I was almost speechless. All I could say was, "It's great, it's fabulous, it's terrific!" Then I fell unconscious. I found myself in bed when I came to my senses. The doctor said, "Mrs. Sims, he has got Terrificitus. It's fatal unless he has a Terrific comic every week. He also likes the look of a crispy new £1 note."
So, please, Alf and Bart, save me. Send a pound note before it is too late. If I die there will be one Terrific fan minus.
Clive Sims,
Cardiff.
P.S. Sorry, if my handwriting is bad. My hands were trembling with excitement.

*That's Okay, Clive, our eye-balls quiver so much when we read our TERRIFIC mail, it's hard for us to understand any of the letters anyway.*
*Alf and Bart.*

Dear Alf and Bart,
In 'News from the Floor of 64,' a few weeks back, you put, 'Anyone want a second-hand iron suit? Good condition—going cheap.' Would you please send me it—but if you think it would be a bit too big for me I'll settle for £1 instead.
Martin Exell,
London, W.12.

*It'll have to be the £1, Mart, we're using the suit for a letter box.*
*Alf and Bart.*

Dear Alf and Bart,
I think that you should have a boy super-hero in your comics. Only instead of fighting evil and injustice all the time like ol' tin suit and his pals the super-boy (he could be called something like Blunder-Boy) could have *mis*adventures—like being stranded in the Atlas Mountains, pinned to the sheer rock face with chewing-gum and his shoe-laces tied together (how's that for a *cliff-hanger?*). I think The Avengers, for example, are ridiculous compared to the Sub-Mariner because all *they* do is fight other costumed freaks week after week, after week, and jump from one sky-scraper to another. No-one except a costumed freak himself could *even begin* to be interested in them. Whereas if this boy hero graced your pages everyone would believe he existed and kids would write in to him like old ladies write to *Mrs. Dale* and *The Archers*.
Anyway, mortal fools—farewell.
Blunder Boy Williams,
Falmouth, Cornwall.

*Farewell.*
*Alf and Bart.*

Dear Alf and Bart,
What are you guys trying to do, bankrupt the country or something? It's bad enough with four comics to try and spread out the money. I can just see Frantic ones breaking into the vaults: 7-3-2-4-8-8-0 . . . . Great Scot! I've just given you the combination to the Bank of Scotland. (To tell you the truth, it's our phone number). Now I'm hooked on TERRIFIC (not that I'm complaining or anything) but it puts me at rock bottom!
Robert Logie,
Aberdeen, Scotland.

*Here's a pound to help out, Robert. We changed that phone number to one that doesn't exist—but natch, with all the Frantic ones broke now, they'd be ringing you up all day asking for a loan!*
*Alf and Bart.*

Dear Alf and Bart,
I am using Peter Fulton's idea, so I hope he doesn't mind. WHAM is a very good comic and I have no comment on it. SMASH is also very good, but I think a few more nailbiting stories would make it better. POW reader Alan Dickey makes a Spider-Man suit out of paper and odds and ends. This sounds a bit fragile, so I thought of an idea to put a few more bob in your pockets. This is it: you could either make Spider-Man outfits and sell them or sell the patterns and material. You said the first copies of FANTASTIC were collectors' items, is this so? If it is so, are they still valuable if the pin-ups have been cut off at the back? You will have to print this in TERRIFIC because I'm addressing it to TERRIFIC NEWS. Alf, Cos and Bart, are you ex-teachers? You are always telling writers about bad spelling. Are there two Alfs or just one?
General Comments: Why don't you publish WHAM on Saturdays, SMASH on Sundays, POW on Mondays, FANTASTIC on Tuesdays and TERRIFIC on Wednesdays — because I can't afford them all on one day.
Martin Booth,
Birmingham 26.

*Sheez, what a letter, Mart, all your suggestions have been written on Cos's back, so we can be constantly reminded of them as he drifts about the garret. His HULK sweatshirt's at the laundrette just now. Alas, the whole galaxy can contain only one affable Alf and like the rest of the A.B.C. rumour has it that he never even went to school, let alone taught in one!*
*Bart.*

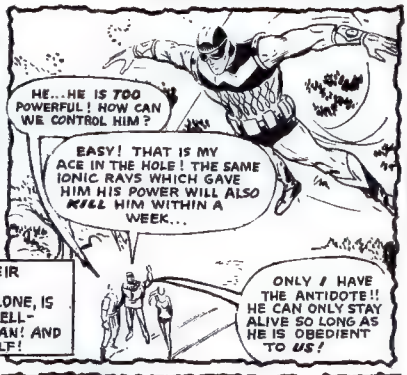
# THE MIGHTY AVENGERS

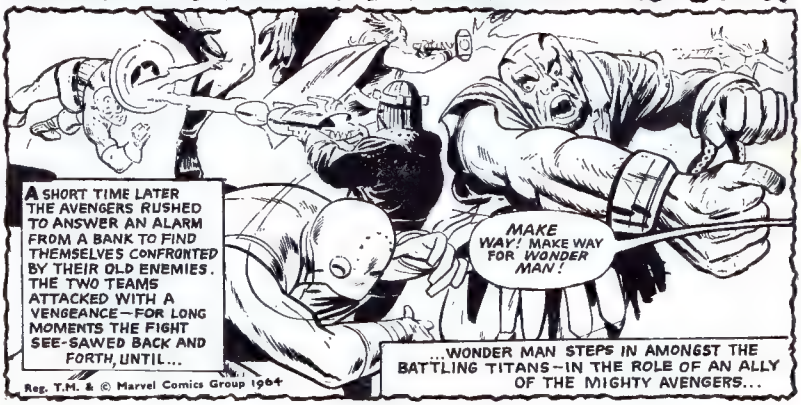
## and THE COMING OF THE... WONDER MAN!

### PART 2

LAST WEEK THE WORLD'S DAZED EYES WITNESSED THE BIRTH OF **WONDER MAN** WHOM THE EVIL ZEMO **CREATED** FROM A CRIMINAL WITH A GRUDGE AGAINST THE AVENGERS. THAT TRIO OF TREACHERY—THE EXQUISITE ENCHANTRESS, THE EXECUTIONER, AND ZEMO HIMSELF—PLAN NOW TO USE **WONDER MAN** AS A SECRET INSTRUMENT IN THEIR CEASELESS WAR WITH THE **MIGHTY AVENGERS**..

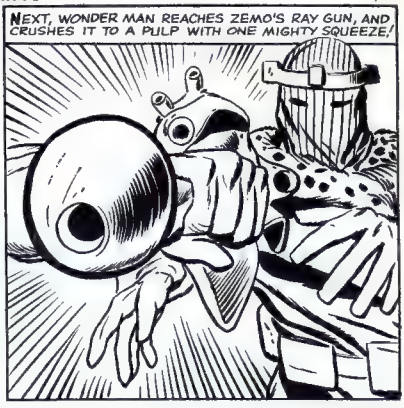
AND WELL MIGHT THEY BE SATISFIED WITH THEIR CREATION—WELL MIGHT THEY LOOK FORWARD TO **VICTORY!** FOR WONDER MAN'S BARE FIST, ALONE, IS AS **POWERFUL** AS THOR'S HAMMER! HE IS AS WELL-EQUIPPED AS IRON MAN! AS STRONG AS GIANT MAN! AND AS AGILE IN COMBAT AS CAPTAIN AMERICA HIMSELF!




Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1964

STAND ASIDE, IRON MAN! I'LL TACKLE THE EXECUTIONER FOR YOU! HE HAS A DEBT TO PAY WONDER MAN!
WONDER MAN?? WHERE DID HE COME FROM??


NEXT, WONDER MAN REACHES ZEMO'S RAY GUN, AND CRUSHES IT TO A PULP WITH ONE MIGHTY SQUEEZE!

THEN, MOVING WITH DAZZLING SPEED FOR ONE SO STRONG, HE UNEXPECTEDLY SPINS THE ENCHANTRESS ABOUT DIZZILY, PREVENTING HER FROM CASTING ANY OF HER BEWITCHING SPELLS!
WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S A ONE-MAN ARMY!

BUT, BEFORE THE AVENGERS CAN RECOVER FROM THEIR SURPRISE...
WONDER MAN PLAYED HIS PART TO PERFECTION! NOW TO ESCAPE BEHIND THIS FOG BOMB, AND LET OUR NEW ALLY DO THE REST ALONE!

IT WORKED EXACTLY AS YOU PREDICTED, ZEMO!
OF COURSE! NOTHING CAN SAVE THE AVENGERS NOW!

AND, AS THE SMOKE CLEARS IN THE CHAMBER BELOW...
WE APPRECIATE YOUR HELP--BUT WHO ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU FROM?
I AM CALLED WONDER MAN, AND I AM FROM THE HEART OF THE AMAZON JUNGLES!

I HAVE WAITED A LONG TIME TO FIND YOU--HOPING TO JOIN YOU!
YOU WISH TO BE--AN AVENGER ??

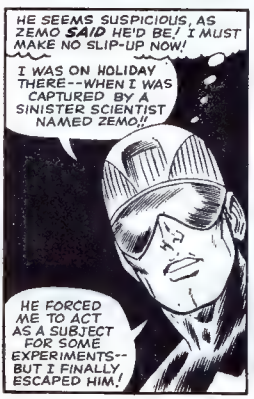
OUR ENTIRE PAYROLL HAS BEEN RECOVERED! WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP!
WE HAVE ALREADY BEEN REWARDED! IT APPEARS WE MAY HAVE FOUND A NEW AVENGER!

NOW WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY MEANT BY THAT?
IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT BIG FELLOW WITH THE BLINKERS ON--HE WALKED OUT WITH THEM!

AND, HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY, THE EVIL ZEMO GLOATS IN TRIUMPH...
IT IS ALMOST TOO EASY! WHAT A VICTORY FOR ZEMO!

BAH! IT WILL NOT BE A VICTORY TO THE EXECUTIONER UNTIL I HAVE DEFEATED THOR WITH MY OWN TWO HANDS!!

MEANWHILE, UNAWARE THAT ZEMO IS WATCHING THEIR EVERY MOVE, THROUGH TELE-SCREEN GUIDED BY A CIRCUIT IN WONDER MAN'S COSTUME...
WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN SOUTH AMERICA, FELLA?
IT'S A LONG STORY--
THAT'S OKAY! WE HAVE TIME!


HE SEEMS SUSPICIOUS, AS ZEMO SAID HE'D BE! I MUST MAKE NO SLIP-UP NOW!
I WAS ON HOLIDAY THERE--WHEN I WAS CAPTURED BY A SINISTER SCIENTIST NAMED ZEMO!!
HE FORCED ME TO ACT AS A SUBJECT FOR SOME EXPERIMENTS--BUT I FINALLY ESCAPED HIM!

NO! IT DOESN'T RING TRUE! I ADMIT ZEMO HAS THE SKILL TO INCREASE A MAN'S STRENGTH--BUT HE ALSO HAS THE BRAINS TO STOP YOU FROM ESCAPING!
UNLESS THIS IS A TRICK, PLANNED BY ZEMO HIMSELF!!

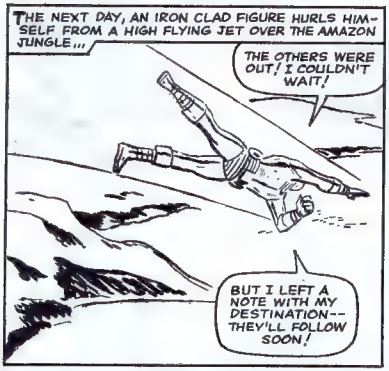
IT DIDN'T WORK! HE'S TOO SUSPICIOUS! THIS COULD RUIN EVERYTHING!
NO NEED TO WORRY! I'LL FIX THIS!

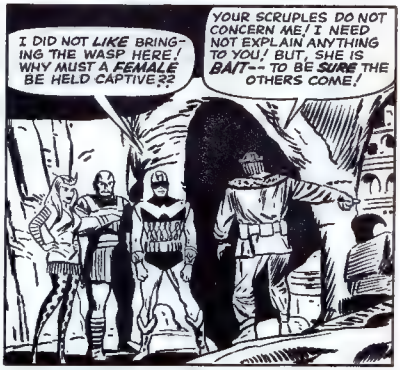
HE IS DYING--YOU MUST SAVE HIM! HE IS DYING--YOU MUST SAVE HIM!! HE IS DYING!!
YOU MUST SAVE HIM--HE IS DYING--
YOU, MAN!
HALFWAY ACROSS THE GLOBE, THE EXQUISITE ENCHANTRESS CASTS A SPELL...
AND FINALLY...
SO THAT'S WHY YOU SOUGHT US! YOU'RE DYING FROM A RARE DISEASE...
--AND YOU THOUGHT WE MIGHT FIND A CURE!
YES--SURE! THAT'S RIGHT!
AFTER THE WAY YOU HELPED US TONIGHT, WE'LL BE GLAD TO! WHAT DO YOU SAY, AVENGERS??
OF COURSE WE'LL HELP!
AND SO, THE MIGHTY AVENGERS APPLY THEMSELVES TO THE TASK WITH A WILL...
WELL, I GUESS I KNOW BETTER THAN TO EXPECT YOU TO TAKE A HUNGRY LITTLE GIRL OUT TO DINNER TONIGHT? HENRY PYM! AT LEAST SAY GOOD NIGHT!
GOOD NIGHT, JAN!
I WONDER IF HIS ILLNESS CAN BE CURED BY BIO-CHEMISTRY?
IF TRANSISTOR CHEST DEVICES CAN HELP MY HEART, PERHAPS THEY CAN AID WONDER MAN AS WELL!!
THOR ASKED ME TO STUDY THESE X-RAYS, JANE! I NOTICE THAT CERTAIN CELLS ARE ALREADY STARTING TO DETERIORATE!
THEN AN OPERATION COULDN'T HELP HIM, DR. BLAKE?
NO--IT APPEARS HOPELESS!
EVEN THE LOCAL MEMBERS OF RICK JONES' TEEN BRIGADE START COLLECTING MEDICAL BOOKS FOR THE AVENGERS, IN AN EFFORT TO HELP THE MYSTERIOUS WONDER MAN!
WE'RE DOING ALL WE CAN! I HOPE WE CAN FIND A CURE FOR YOU IN TIME!
IT'S YOUR TIME THAT'S REALLY RUNNING OUT--NOT MINE!

A FEW DAYS LATER, IN SOUTH AMERICA...
I CAME AS YOU ORDERED, ZEMO! SO FAR THE AVENGERS SUSPECT NOTHING!
BUT, WHEN WILL YOU GIVE ME THE ANTIDOTE YOU PROMISED?
IN GOOD TIME--AFTER THEY ARE ALL DESTROYED!

NOW, RADIO THE AVENGERS AND SAY WHAT I TOLD YOU--!
WONDER MAN CALLING AVENGERS! WONDER MAN CALLING THE AVENGERS!

I'VE BEEN RECAPTURED BY ZEMO! HE ALSO CAUGHT THE WASP! I MANAGED TO GET TO THIS RADIO--I'LL GIVE YOU THE LOCATION! HURRY--HURRY!
ZEMO HAS GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME! NOTHING WILL SAVE HIM NOW!


THE NEXT DAY, AN IRON CLAD FIGURE HURLS HIMSELF FROM A HIGH FLYING JET OVER THE AMAZON JUNGLE...
THE OTHERS WERE OUT! I COULDN'T WAIT!
BUT I LEFT A NOTE WITH MY DESTINATION--THEY'LL FOLLOW SOON!

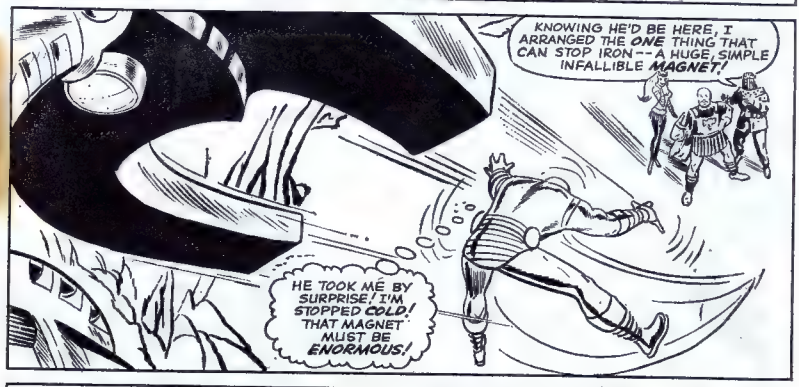

I DID NOT LIKE BRINGING THE WASP HERE! WHY MUST A FEMALE BE HELD CAPTIVE??
YOUR SCRUPLES DO NOT CONCERN ME! I NEED NOT EXPLAIN ANYTHING TO YOU! BUT, SHE IS BAIT--TO BE SURE THE OTHERS COME!

AND, IN A NEARBY HIDDEN CELL...
I NEVER SUSPECTED THAT WONDER MAN WAS A SPY!
I TRUSTED HIM--WE ALL DID! AND HE BETRAYED US!
NOW I'M HELPLESS! EVEN MY WASP'S STING HAS BEEN TAKEN FROM ME!!

WHILE, MILES AWAY...
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND GIANT-MAN HAVE LEFT EARLIER, BY CHARTERED JET! BUT I CAN MAKE BETTER TIME TRAVELING ON THE WINGS OF THE STORM--AS IS MY HERITAGE!!

FINALLY, THE TIME OF THE SHOWDOWN ARRIVES, AS A POWERFUL, CHARGING, IRON-CLAD FIGURE HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE ATTACK!
HERE IS OUR FIRST VICTIM-- IRON MAN!
I'LL ATTEND TO HIM WITH MY BARE HANDS!!

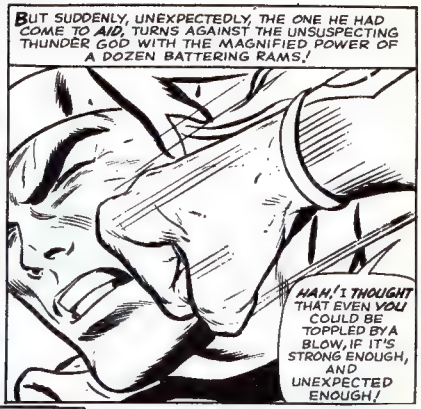
THERE IS NO NEED FOR YOU TO BOTHER, EXECUTIONER! I'VE ALREADY PROVIDED A LITTLE RECEPTION OF MY OWN FOR HIM!


KNOWING HE'D BE HERE, I ARRANGED THE ONE THING THAT CAN STOP IRON--A HUGE, SIMPLE INFALLIBLE MAGNET!
HE TOOK ME BY SURPRISE! I'M STOPPED COLD! THAT MAGNET MUST BE ENORMOUS!

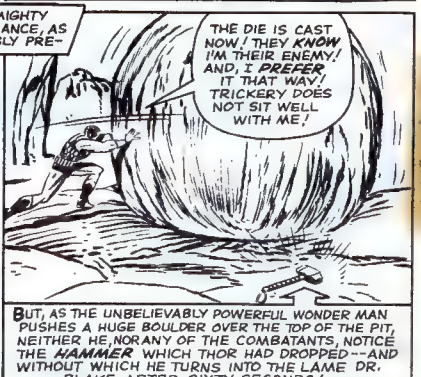
BUT THEN, BEFORE THE DEVILISH DUO CAN FOLLOW UP THEIR ADVANTAGE...
THAT SPINNING SHIELD-- IT CAN ONLY MEAN--
CLANG!

RIGHT, YOU CRAVEN KILLER-- IT MEANS CAPTAIN AMERICA!
P!

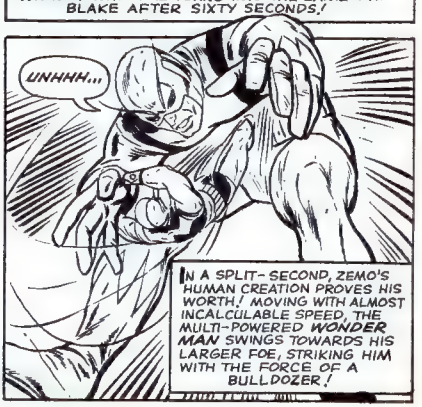
AT THAT VERY SECOND, ANOTHER MIGHTY FIGURE THUNDERS INTO THE FRAY, AS A DEEP, COMMANDING VOICE RINGS OUT--!
WELL DONE, AVENGERS! AND NOW, LET US DISPOSE OF THESE VILLAINS ONCE AND FOR ALL!
AHH, WONDER MAN! I SEE YOU HAVE FREED YOURSELF!

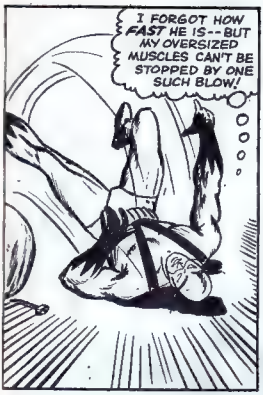

BUT SUDDENLY, UNEXPECTEDLY, THE ONE HE HAD COME TO AID, TURNS AGAINST THE UNSUSPECTING THUNDER GOD WITH THE MAGNIFIED POWER OF A DOZEN BATTERING RAMS!
HAH! I THOUGHT THAT EVEN YOU COULD BE TOPPLED BY A BLOW, IF IT'S STRONG ENOUGH, AND UNEXPECTED ENOUGH!

THOUGH NOT EVEN SUCH A BLOW CAN HARM THE MIGHTY IMMORTAL, IT DOES SERVE TO THROW HIM OFF-BALANCE, AS HE FALLS INTO A PIT WHICH HAD BEEN PREVIOUSLY PREPARED FOR HIM!
WHAT FOUL DECEPTION HAS BEEN PLAYED UPON US?? WONDER MAN FIGHTS FOR ZEMO!


THE DIE IS CAST NOW! THEY KNOW I'M THEIR ENEMY! AND, I PREFER IT THAT WAY! TRICKERY DOES NOT SIT WELL WITH ME!
BUT, AS THE UNBELIEVABLY POWERFUL WONDER MAN PUSHES A HUGE BOULDER OVER THE TOP OF THE PIT, NEITHER HE, NOR ANY OF THE COMBATANTS, NOTICE THE HAMMER WHICH THOR HAD DROPPED--AND WITHOUT WHICH HE TURNS INTO THE LAME DR. BLAKE AFTER SIXTY SECONDS!

AND THEN, THE LAST OF THE AVENGERS--THE LARGEST OF THE AVENGERS, APPEARS!
WHERE IS THE WASP?? SPEAK, YOU TRAITOR, OR I'LL BEAT THE WORDS OUT OF YOU!

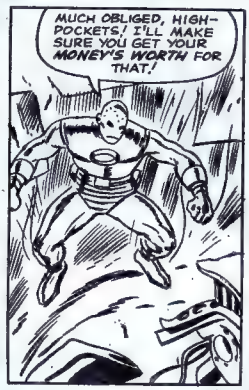

UNHHH...
IN A SPLIT-SECOND, ZEMO'S HUMAN CREATION PROVES HIS WORTH! MOVING WITH ALMOST INCALCULABLE SPEED, THE MULTI-POWERED WONDER MAN SWINGS TOWARDS HIS LARGER FOE, STRIKING HIM WITH THE FORCE OF A BULLDOZER!


I FORGOT HOW FAST HE IS--BUT MY OVERSIZED MUSCLES CAN'T BE STOPPED BY ONE SUCH BLOW!

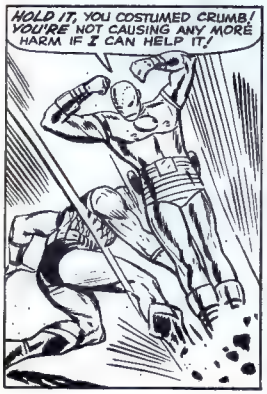
THEN, SEIZING AN ENORMOUS BOULDER IN HIS GIGANTIC HAND, THE TITANTIC AVENGER HURLS IT LIKE A TENNIS BALL!
THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING! WHERE IS THE WASP??

BUT THEN, WONDER MAN LIVES UP TO HIS NAME BY SWATTING THE BALL BACK--RICOCHETING IT AGAINST THE WALLS, UNTIL...
THUD!
YOUR POWER IS MIND-STAGGERING, BUT REMEMBER--I WAS CREATED TO BE YOUR MASTER!

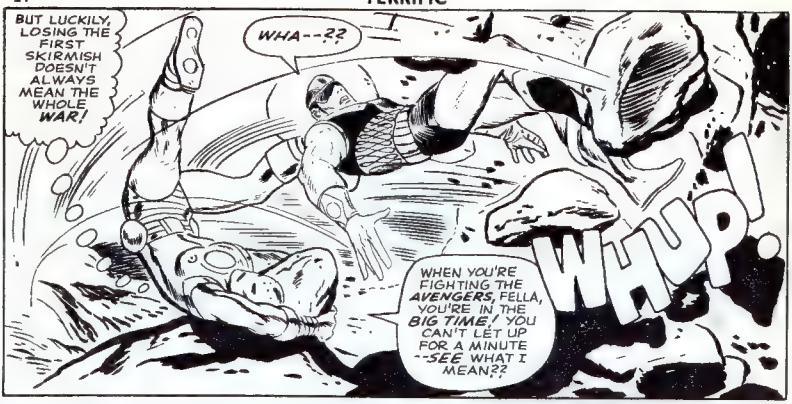
BUT, THOUGH WRACKED WITH PAIN, THE VALIANT GIANT-MAN AGAIN LIFTS THE PONDEROUS BOULDER AND, BEFORE WONDER MAN CAN STOP HIM, SENDS IT SMASHING INTO ZEMO'S MAGNET MECHANISM!
NOW, IRON MAN! NOW'S YOUR CHANCE!

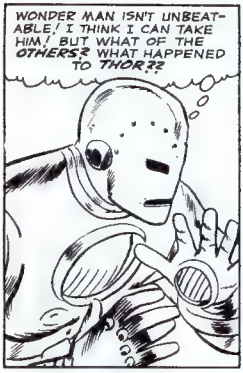

MUCH OBLIGED, HIGH-POCKETS! I'LL MAKE SURE YOU GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH FOR THAT!

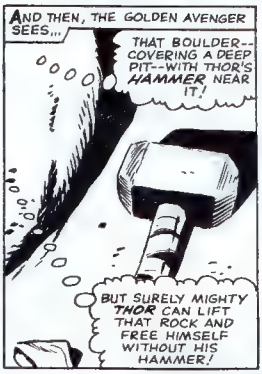
MEANWHILE, THE FIGHTING-MAD CAPTAIN AMERICA, BATTLING THE SLOWER EXECUTIONER, FALLS VICTIM TO A STUN-GUN ATTACK FROM BEHIND!
YOU'RE JUST A CAT'S PAW, EXECUTIONER! IT'S ZEMO WANT! ZEMO, WHO--UHHHH!
MAN! HE WAS BEHIND YOU ALL THE TIME!

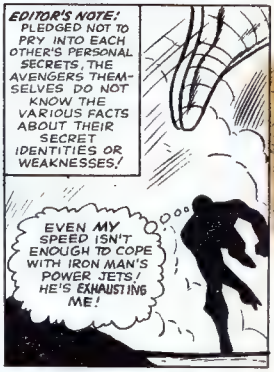

HOLD IT, YOU COSTUMED CRUMB! YOU'RE NOT CAUSING ANY MORE HARM IF I CAN HELP IT!

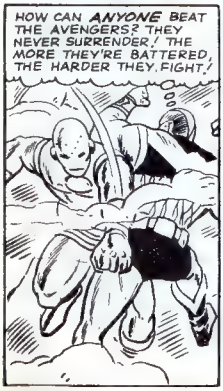
BUT, AS YOU CAN SEE, YOU IRON-CLAD INTERLOPER, YOU CANNOT HELP IT!
I WAS A FOOL! BY BEING OVER-EAGER, I MISSED HIM WITH MY POWER DIVE, GIVING HIM THE CHANCE TO GRAB MY LEGS!

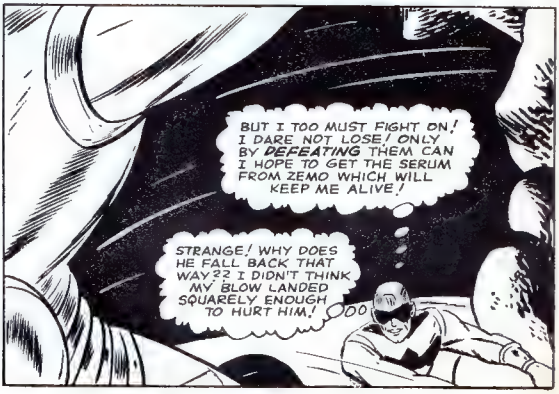

BUT LUCKILY, LOSING THE FIRST SKIRMISH DOESN'T ALWAYS MEAN THE WHOLE WAR!
WHA--??
WHUP!
WHEN YOU'RE FIGHTING THE AVENGERS, FELLA, YOU'RE IN THE BIG TIME! YOU CAN'T LET UP FOR A MINUTE --SEE WHAT I MEAN??


WONDER MAN ISN'T UNBEATABLE! I THINK I CAN TAKE HIM! BUT WHAT OF THE OTHERS? WHAT HAPPENED TO THOR??


AND THEN, THE GOLDEN AVENGER SEES...
THAT BOULDER--COVERING A DEEP PIT--WITH THOR'S HAMMER NEAR IT!
BUT SURELY MIGHTY THOR CAN LIFT THAT ROCK AND FREE HIMSELF WITHOUT HIS HAMMER!


EDITOR'S NOTE! PLEDGED NOT TO PRY INTO EACH OTHER'S PERSONAL SECRETS, THE AVENGERS THEMSELVES DO NOT KNOW THE VARIOUS FACTS ABOUT THEIR SECRET IDENTITIES OR WEAKNESSES!
EVEN MY SPEED ISN'T ENOUGH TO COPE WITH IRON MAN'S POWER JETS! HE'S EXHAUSTING ME!


HOW CAN ANYONE BEAT THE AVENGERS? THEY NEVER SURRENDER! THE MORE THEY'RE BATTERED, THE HARDER THEY FIGHT!

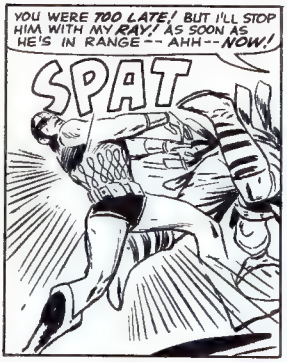

BUT I TOO MUST FIGHT ON! I DARE NOT LOSE! ONLY BY DEFEATING THEM CAN I HOPE TO GET THE SERUM FROM ZEMO WHICH WILL KEEP ME ALIVE!
STRANGE! WHY DOES HE FALL BACK THAT WAY?? I DIDN'T THINK MY BLOW LANDED SQUARELY ENOUGH TO HURT HIM!

BUT THERE IS A METHOD TO IRON MAN'S "MADNESS"! GETTING A SAFE DISTANCE FROM WONDER MAN, HE ATTEMPTS TO MOVE THE GIANT BOULDER WHICH IS IMPRISONING THOR!
THOR SHOULD HAVE FREED HIMSELF BY NOW! PERHAPS HE'S IN TROUBLE!
-UHHH!- CAN'T EXERT ENOUGH PRESSURE! MY TRANSISTORS MUST BE RUNNING LOW! I'LL HAVE TO SET THEM FOR EMERGENCY INTENSITY!
BUT, BEFORE THE IRON CLAD AVENGER CAN MAKE THE NECESSARY ADJUSTMENT, THE EXQUISITE ENCHANTRESS ENTERS THE SCENE...
LET THE POWER OF MY ENCHANTMENT BRING SLEEP TO YOUR EYES--LET YOUR MIND GROW WEARY--YOUR SENSES FOGGED--!
AND, FINALLY...
WE'VE WON! WE'VE BEATEN THEM!!
DON'T GLOAT, EXECUTIONER! IT REQUIRED TRICKERY AND DECEIT FOR US TO DO IT!
THEY'RE NEVER BEATEN WHILE THEY LIVE! QUICK, BRING THE WASP AND WE'LL FINISH THEM ALL OFF, PERMANENTLY!
WAIT! WHY MUST YOU KILL THEM?? WHY NOT MERELY MAKE THEM YOUR CAPTIVES!
NONE QUESTIONS ZEMO'S COMMANDS!!
REMEMBER, IF I DO NOT CHOOSE TO GIVE YOU YOUR LIFE-SAVING ANTIDOTE--YOU'LL BE DEAD WITHIN HOURS!
I HAVE NO CHOICE! I MUST DO AS I'M TOLD--IF I WANT TO LIVE!
AND YET--THEY TRIED TO HELP ME WHEN I CAME TO THEM! THEY TREATED ME WITH RESPECT --LIKE AN EQUAL!
AND THIS IS HOW I'VE REPAID THEM--WITH THE BASEST TREACHERY!
IS LIFE SO DEAR--THAT I'D PAY SUCH A PRICE FOR IT??
THEN, BEFORE ZEMO CAN PUSH THE LEVER ON THE CONTROL PANEL OF HIS RAY MACHINE, A RACING BOULDER STOPS HIM!
WHO DARES??

I DARE! THE AVENGERS SHALL NOT DIE!
IT'S WONDER MAN! HE'S TURNED AGAINST US!
STOP HIM!

HE'S TRYING TO FREE THOR! BAH! I'LL PUT A STOP TO THAT!
JUST A LITTLE FURTHER ...IF I CAN JUST FREE THE THUNDER GOD, PERHAPS HE CAN CARRY ON!

THERE! IT'S DONE--UNNHHH!
WHOOM


YOU WERE TOO LATE! BUT I'LL STOP HIM WITH MY RAY! AS SOON AS HE'S IN RANGE -- AHH -- NOW!
SPAT

BUT, IN THE CONFUSION, NO ONE NOTICES A SLENDER HAND, REACHING OUT FROM THE NOW-UNCOVERED PIT...
I'VE GOT IT AT LAST! AND NOW...

...THOR SHALL STRIKE AGAIN!

THOR IS FREE AGAIN! GIANT-MAN HAS RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS, AND UNTIED THE WASP! WONDER MAN IS LOST TO US! AND NOW, CAPTAIN AMERICA WAKENS FROM THE STUN-GUN BLAST!
WE MUST FLEE-- WHILE WE CAN!

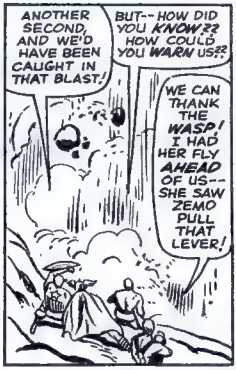
TO MY SIDE! THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE!
WHA-- THAT MIST! I CANNOT SEE!

QUICKLY! MY ENCHANTED MIST WILL SOON BLOW AWAY! WE'VE ONLY SECONDS LEFT!
IF NOT FOR WONDER MAN, I MIGHT HAVE DESTROYED THEM ALL!

WAIT! WHERE IS THE EXECUTIONER??
HE'S USING THE SECRET PASSAGE! BUT I WANT THE AVENGERS TO FOLLOW US! WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE TO DEFEAT THEM!
THIS TEN-SECOND SWITCH WILL BLOW UP THE TUNNEL AFTER US! RUN!

THE OTHERS CAN BE YOURS-- BUT YOU MUST LEAVE ZEMO TO ME! MINE MUST BE THE HAND THAT DESTROYS HIM!
SO BE IT! YOU HAVE EARNED THAT RIGHT!

BUT THEN, SUDDENLY--
STOP! ALL OF YOU! IT'S A TRAP!
YOU WERE JUST IN TIME, HIGH-POCKETS!

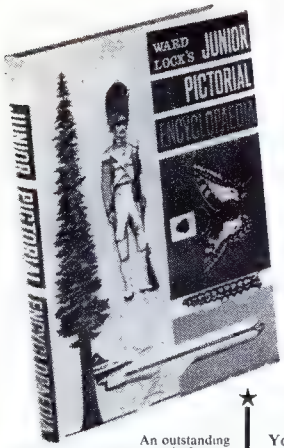

ANOTHER SECOND, AND WE'D HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN THAT BLAST!
BUT-- HOW DID YOU KNOW?? HOW COULD YOU WARN US??
WE CAN THANK THE WASP! I HAD HER FLY AHEAD OF US-- SHE SAW ZEMO PULL THAT LEVER!

THEN-- IT WAS ALL FOR NAUGHT! ZEMO ESCAPED US AGAIN!
WE'LL GET HIM, CAP! IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME!
WAIT! WHAT ABOUT-- HIM??

WONDER MAN -- YOU SACRIFICED YOURSELF TO SAVE US! WHY??
PERHAPS-- EVERY MAN --DREAMS OF DOING ONE NOBLE THING-- IN HIS LIFE, NOW I CAN DIE -- KNOWING THAT I DIDN'T LIVE -- IN VAIN!
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN?? HE COULD LIVE ONLY SO LONG AS ZEMO GAVE HIM THAT ANTIDOTE!
DIE?

HE WAS A STRANGE MIXTURE OF GOOD AND EVIL! IF ONLY WE COULD HAVE HAD MORE TIME...
WITH ALL OUR POWER, CAN'T WE SAVE HIM??
SOMETIMES, MY FRIEND, EVEN POWER IS NOT ENOUGH! --AS I WELL KNOW!
THUS, WE TAKE OUR LEAVE OF THE MIGHTY AVENGERS, AND THE FALLEN WONDER MAN! BUT, BE PREPARED FOR NEW SURPRISES WHEN WE MEET AGAIN NEXT WEEK!

# GREAT NEWS FOR EVERY READER OF 'TERRIFIC'

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Name.. ..... .....
(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

Address .....

..... Parent's Signature..... .....

Details and rates for overseas membership available on request.

# DOCTOR STRANGE

## DARES TO GO...

# BEYOND The PURPLE VEIL!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1963

WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS, ONE MAN REMAINS AWAKE--WEARY--EXHAUSTED--BUT USING EVERY OUNCE OF WILL-POWER AT HIS COMMAND TO FIGHT FALLING ASLEEP, UNTIL HIS WORK IS DONE!
CAN'T STOP NOW-- NOT TILL I LEARN ALL THE SECRETS OF THIS SINISTER GEM!

THOUGH IT LOOKS THE SAME AS MANY LARGE VALUABLE GEMS, THIS OBJECT WHICH I HOLD IN MY HAND IS FAR DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER FOUND ON EARTH! FAR, FAR DIFFERENT!

MEANWHILE, IN THE NEXT ROOM, UNAWARE OF THE IDENTITY OF THEIR INTENDED VICTIM, TWO PETTY BURGLARS SILENTLY STEAL INTO DOCTOR STRANGE'S LIVING QUARTERS THROUGH AN OPEN STREET WINDOW...
WE'RE IN LUCK! THE WINDOW WAS OPEN-- NOBODY SAW US!
YEAH! THIS PLACE OUGHT TO BE A CINCH TO ROB! LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND...

BUT, SILENT THOUGH THEY ARE, THEY ARE NOT NEARLY SILENT ENOUGH FOR THE HIGHLY TRAINED SENSES OF DR. STRANGE!
I THOUGHT I SENSED SOMEONE MOVING IN THE NEXT ROOM! OH--IT IS JUST TWO CLUMSY BURGLARS!
HUH? WHA--?

YOU CANNOT MOVE! YOU ARE TRANSFIXED TO THE SPOT! YOU-- BAM! NO-- I WITH-DRAW THOSE COMMANDS!
YOU ARE NOT WORTHY OF MY TIME OR TALENTS! I SHALL DISPOSE OF YOU IN THE QUICKEST MANNER!

HEY--WHAT GOES ON HERE?? HE MUMBLED A FEW NUTTY WORDS, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN WE'RE FLOATING THROUGH THE AIR!
SO! THIS PLACE OUGHT TO BE A CINCH TO ROB, HUH? NEXT TIME KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT!

HEY! H-HOW IS HE DOING THIS?? WE'RE GOING RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL!
IT MUST BE SOME KIND OF TRICK, THAT'S ALL! HE PROBABLY DOES IT WITH MIRRORS!

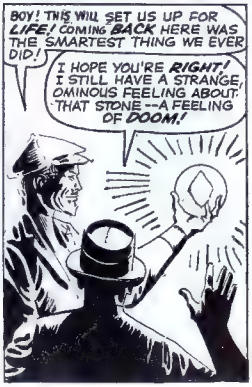
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT? HE MANAGES TO GET US OUT OF THE HOUSE, SOMEHOW, AND THEN HE JUST LEAVES US HERE! DOESN'T EVEN CALL THE COPS!
USE YOUR HEAD, DUMMY! HE MUST BE A CROOK TOO! HE CAN'T CALL THE COPS! THAT MEANS WE CAN TACKLE HIM AGAIN! WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BEING ARRESTED! BUT NEXT TIME WE'LL BE MORE CAREFUL!

THE NEXT EVENING...
YOU SUMMONED ME, MASTER?
YES, WONG! YOU MAY HAVE THE EVENING OFF! I WON'T BE NEEDING YOU! DISMISSED!

HE'S GONE! NOW TO SPEND THE REST OF THE EVENING IN SOLITUDE, MEDITATING, AND STUDYING MY RITUALISTIC INCANTATIONS!
THIS IS PERFECT! WHEN HE LOCKS HIMSELF IN THAT STUDY OF HIS, WE'LL HAVE FREE RUN OF THE HOUSE! WE CAN TAKE WHAT WE WANT!

LOOK! THAT SPARKLER!! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT!!
NO WONDER HE NEVER LEAVES THE HOUSE! IT MUST BE WORTH A COOL MILLION!

BUT SOMEHOW I HAVE A FUNNY FEELING! AS THOUGH THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THAT HUNK OF ICE—SOMETHING DANGEROUS!
THE ONLY THING WRONG WITH IT IS THAT I GOTTA SHARE THE LOOT WITH YOU! C'MON—GRAB IT!


BOY! THIS WILL SET US UP FOR LIFE! COMING BACK HERE WAS THE SMARTEST THING WE EVER DID!
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT! I STILL HAVE A STRANGE, OMINOUS FEELING ABOUT THAT STONE—A FEELING OF DOOM!

JUST THEN, IN AN ADJACENT ROOM, THE INSCRUTIBLE DR. STRANGE SENSES THAT A TERRIBLE DANGER IS NEAR! IN THAT SPLIT SECOND, HE SENDS HIS ETHEREAL FORM FORWARD, TO INVESTIGATE...
I MUST LEARN WHAT IS WRONG--IMMEDIATELY!

THE GEM! IT'S GONE! WHO COULD HAVE BEEN FOOL ENOUGH TO TAKE SO DANGEROUS AN OBJECT??
NO MATTER! MY ENCHANTED AMULET WILL FIND HIM, NO MATTER WHERE HE MAY BE--IF IT ISN'T TOO LATE!!

BY THE BEARDS OF THE VISHANTI!!! IT IS THE TWO THIEVES I ROUTED YESTERDAY! THE FOOLS! THEY DON'T REALIZE WHAT THEY'RE HANDLING!

LATER, IN HIS NORMAL PHYSICAL FORM ONCE MORE, THE MASTER OF MYSTERY RACES TO THE HIDEOUT WHICH HIS AMULET LEADS HIM TO, ONLY TO FIND...
THEY'RE GONE! ONLY A PURPLE MIST REMAINS--COMING FROM THE GEM!
IT IS AS I FEARED! I AM TOO LATE TO SAVE THEM!

HOW COULD THEY HAVE KNOWN THAT THE GEM WAS MERELY A DEVICE TO BRIDGE DIMENSIONS! IT WAS A MEANS TO ENTER THE DREAD PURPLE DIMENSION--FROM OUR OWN WORLD!

EVEN THOUGH THEY ARE ENEMIES OF SOCIETY, MY OATH PROVIDES THAT I MUST AID ANY AND ALL HUMANS--I DARE MAKE NO EXCEPTIONS! SO, I MUST GO AFTER THEM--!!

BY THE POWER OF DORMAMMU, LET ME ENTER THE PURPLE DIMENSION--NO MATTER WHAT THE DANGER!

THEN, AFTER THE MYSTIC PURPLE MIST HAS CLEARED... DR. STRANGE FINDS HIMSELF IN A DIFFERENT DIMENSION--A DIFFERENT WORLD--

MOVE, SLAVES! THE ALL-POWERFUL MUST NOT BE KEPT WAITING!

HALT THE PROCESSION! AN INTRUDER APPROACHES! HE MUST BE MADE CAPTIVE! AFTER HIM!

BUT EVEN IN THAT OCCULT DIMENSION, THE POWER OF DR. STRANGE IS A FORCE BEYOND DESCRIPTION AS HE HURLS BACK TWO OF HIS ATTACKERS BY MERELY RAISING HIS ARMS AND RECITING AN ENCHANTED INCANTATION!

HOGGOTH, PROTECT ME! TO MY AID, DORMAMMU AND THE MIGHTY VISHANTI!

THEY WILL NOT RUSH ME AGAIN! NEXT, THEY WILL LEAD ME TO THEIR OVERLORD!

STRANGE'S PREDICTION PROVES ACCURATE! MOMENTS LATER...

I AM AGGAMON, THE ALL-POWERFUL! I CAN SENSE WHY YOU HAVE INVADED MY DOMAIN! BUT YOU CANNOT HAVE THE TWO YOU SEEK! NONE MAY EVER RETURN FROM THIS WORLD WHERE ALL LIVE ONLY TO SERVE ME!

I AM NO HAPLESS CAPTIVE LIKE THE OTHERS, AGGAMON! I AM DR. STRANGE, MASTER OF THE OCCULT! MY POWER IS AS GREAT AS YOURS! YOU WOULD DO WELL NOT TO DEFY ME!

YOU DARE ADDRESS ME THAT WAY?? FOOL! NOT FOR NOTHING AM I CALLED THE ALL POWERFUL! I SHALL SHOW YOU MY MIGHT!

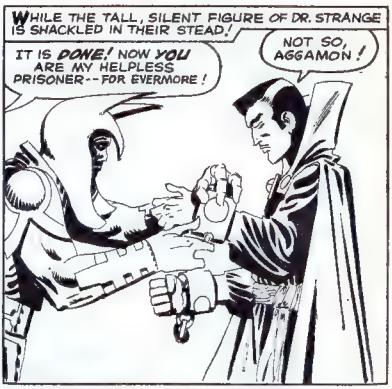
AT THE WAVE OF A HAND, AGGAMON CONJURES UP A MENTAL VISION, IN WHICH DR. STRANGE SEES HOW THE ALL-POWERFUL ONE RULES HIS WORLD WITH AN IRON HAND!

ALL WHO LIVE HERE LABOUR FOR ME! THEY WORK IN THE MINES, BRINGING ME GEMS WHICH DELIGHT MY SOUL! IN A THOUSAND YEARS, NO CAPTIVE HAS EVER ESCAPED THROUGH THE PURPLE VEIL!

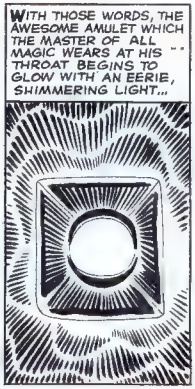
BUT, I CAN SENSE YOUR POWER! YOU WILL BE THE MOST TREASURED CAPTIVE OF ALL! I DESIRE NOT TO WASTE MY TIME OR ENERGIES BATTLING YOU, SO I MAKE YOU AN OFFER!

IF YOU TAKE THEIR PLACE AS MY CAPTIVE, I WILL INSTANTLY RETURN THEM TO THEIR NATURAL WORLD! WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?
THEY ARE UNWORTHY OF SUCH A SACRIFICE! AND YET, I VOWED TO THE ANCIENT ONE THAT I WOULD AID ALL HUMANS! I MUST NOT BETRAY THAT TRUST!
I ACCEPT, AGGAMON!

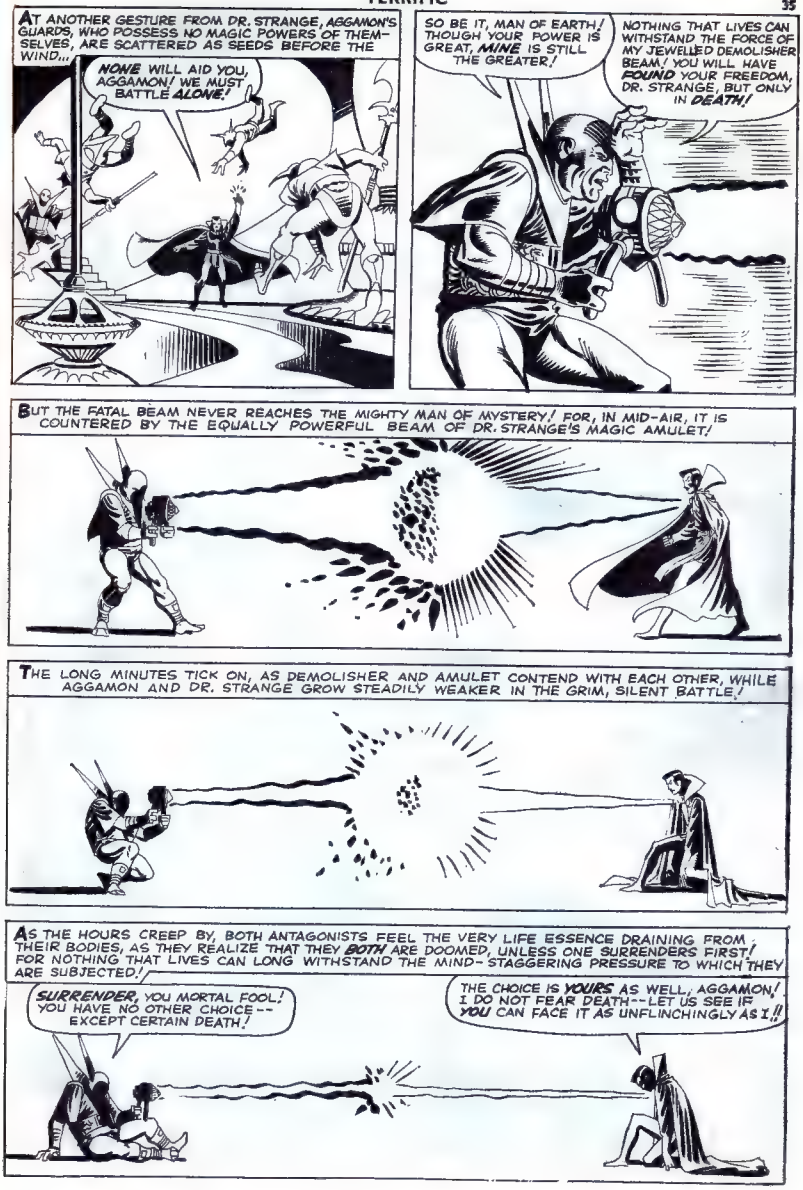
AT THAT VERY INSTANT, A PURPLE MIST AGAIN APPEARS, AND BY MEANS OF A POWER UNKNOWN HERE ON EARTH, THE TWO HELPLESS HUMAN PAWNS ARE RETURNED FROM WHENCE THEY CAME!


WHILE THE TALL, SILENT FIGURE OF DR. STRANGE IS SHACKLED IN THEIR STEAD!
IT IS DONE! NOW YOU ARE MY HELPLESS PRISONER--FOR EVERMORE!
NOT SO, AGGAMON!

I PROMISED TO TAKE THEIR PLACE AS A CAPTIVE! I MADE NO PROMISE TO REMAIN A CAPTIVE! NOW, THOUGH YOU HAVE ME SHACKLED, OUR BATTLE REALLY BEGINS!


WITH THOSE WORDS, THE AWESOME AMULET WHICH THE MASTER OF ALL MAGIC WEARS AT HIS THROAT BEGINS TO GLOW WITH AN EERIE, SHIMMERING LIGHT...

--A LIGHT WHICH MELTS HIS CHAINS INTO NOTHINGNESS AS SOON AS IT TOUCHES THEM!
NOW, AGGAMON! YOU CALL YOURSELF ALL-POWERFUL! BUT WE SHALL TEST THE TRUTH OF THAT ARROGANT CLAIM!


AT ANOTHER GESTURE FROM DR. STRANGE, AGGAMON'S GUARDS, WHO POSSESS NO MAGIC POWERS OF THEMSELVES, ARE SCATTERED AS SEEDS BEFORE THE WIND...
NONE WILL AID YOU, AGGAMON! WE MUST BATTLE ALONE!
SO BE IT, MAN OF EARTH! THOUGH YOUR POWER IS GREAT, MINE IS STILL THE GREATER!
NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN WITHSTAND THE FORCE OF MY JEWELLED DEMOLISHER BEAM! YOU WILL HAVE FOUND YOUR FREEDOM, DR. STRANGE, BUT ONLY IN DEATH!
BUT THE FATAL BEAM NEVER REACHES THE MIGHTY MAN OF MYSTERY! FOR, IN MID-AIR, IT IS COUNTERED BY THE EQUALLY POWERFUL BEAM OF DR. STRANGE'S MAGIC AMULET!
THE LONG MINUTES TICK ON, AS DEMOLISHER AND AMULET CONTEND WITH EACH OTHER, WHILE AGGAMON AND DR. STRANGE GROW STEADILY WEAKER IN THE GRIM, SILENT BATTLE!
AS THE HOURS CREEP BY, BOTH ANTAGONISTS FEEL THE VERY LIFE ESSENCE DRAINING FROM THEIR BODIES, AS THEY REALIZE THAT THEY BOTH ARE DOOMED, UNLESS ONE SURRENDERS FIRST! FOR NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN LONG WITHSTAND THE MIND-STAGGERING PRESSURE TO WHICH THEY ARE SUBJECTED!
SURRENDER, YOU MORTAL FOOL! YOU HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE -- EXCEPT CERTAIN DEATH!
THE CHOICE IS YOURS AS WELL, AGGAMON! I DO NOT FEAR DEATH -- LET US SEE IF YOU CAN FACE IT AS UNFLINCHINGLY AS I!!

SOMETHING IN DR. STRANGE'S DEMEANOUR MAKES AGGAMON REALIZE HE IS SPEAKING THE TRUTH! AND THEN, FACED WITH THE PROSPECT OF CERTAIN DOOM, THE TYRANNICAL RULER MAKES HIS FINAL DECISION...
ENOUGH! YOU HAVE WON!
I MUST NOT DIE! I SURRENDER!

YOU ARE FREE TO GO! LEAVE THIS PLACE! MAY I NEVER BEHOLD YOUR HATED COUNTENANCE AGAIN!
FIRST, I MUST MAKE SURE YOU CAN NO LONGER HOLD SO MANY LIVES IN BONDAGE! NOW THAT YOU ARE DEFEATED, MY AMULET CAN PROBE YOUR INNER SELF, WEAKENING YOU! ONLY BY SETTING YOUR CAPTIVES FREE, WILL YOU EVER FIND STRENGTH AGAIN! I HAVE SO ORDAINED!

AND NOW, TO RETURN TO EARTH!
AGGAMON WAS STRONGER THAN I! HE COULD HAVE HELD OUT LONGER! BUT HIS OWN COWARDICE BETRAYED HIM!

LATER, A NEIGHBOURHOOD POLICE OFFICER, RECOGNIZING DR. STRANGE, CALLS TO HIM...
TWO PETTY CROOKS JUST GAVE THEMSELVES UP, SIR! MUMBLED INCOHERENTLY--SOMETHING ABOUT YOU SAVING THEM BEHIND A PURPLE VEIL!
PAY THEM NO HEED, OFFICER! WHO CAN FATHOM THE SENSELESS RAMBLINGS OF THE CRIMINAL MIND?

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, DOC! BUT ANYWAY, THEY SAID THEY WANT TO 'SERVE TIME, PAY THEIR DEBT TO SOCIETY, AND GO STRAIGHT! HOW ABOUT THAT?!!
THE WAYS OF FATE ARE INSCRUTIBLE INDEED! I FEARED I WAS RISKING MY LIFE IN VAIN, AND YET, BECAUSE OF MY STRUGGLE TWO HUMANS HAVE BEEN PUT UPON THE RIGHT PATH!

I SHALL KEEP MY MANY-FACETED GEM! AND, IF EVER AGAIN I AM NEEDED BEYOND THE PURPLE VEIL, I SHALL BE READY!
AND SO WE TAKE OUR LEAVE OF THE MOST MYSTIC CHARACTER IN ALL OF LITERATURE... BUT NEXT WEEK, HE WILL RETURN, WITH ANOTHER TALE OF STRANGE SORCERY TO THRILL AND AMAZE YOU!

# ODD SPORTS

## WHEELBARROW DERBY

Australia's wheelbarrow Derby is run over a distance of 50 miles, from a town called Beechworth to the top of a hill called Buffalo Plateau. Competitors have to wheel a passenger in a barrow first along the flat and then to the top of the Plateau, which is 3,570 feet high.

Contestants are allowed periods of rest and food, and a strict check is kept on their actual "trundling" time.

The winner of the last Derby had as a passenger a man weighing 15 stone. On the first day he covered nine miles and this was his average distance for the next three days.

But his daily distance dropped well below that for the long ascent to the top of the hill. It took him three days to cover the last 13 miles to the summit! During the last three miles, a blinding rainstorm swept over the weary pusher. When he reached the top, he had lost a stone in weight since setting out on the marathon eight days previously.

The winner of the Wheelbarrow Derby collects prize money of £100. There are usually about a dozen competitors, but only about one in five complete the gruelling course.

## *Skipping champion*

*Poland's skipping champion is a 13-year old Warsaw girl who beat ten other competitors by making 8,000 skips in an hour. The winner had been in strict training for six months before the match, skipping to and from school every day and putting in four hours' practice every week-end.*

*During the contest, she wore out two pairs of shoes and raised blisters on both hands. For all that effort and suffering her prize was—a new skipping rope with carved wooden handles and a certificate setting out the details of her achievement.*

THE MIGHTY THOR IN FANTASTIC!

THE HUMAN TORCH IN WHAM!

KEEP YOUR FRANTIC EYES OPEN FOR THE FLYING FIST—THE MIGHTY SYMBOL OF POWER!!

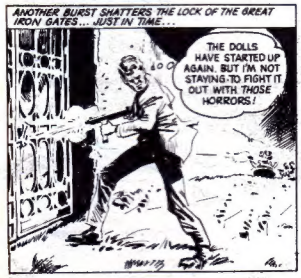
THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN IN POW!

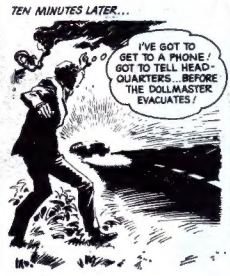
A POWER COMIC

THE INCREDIBLE HULK IN SMASH!

# the LIVING DOLLS

PRETTY CHINA DOLLS CAN'T WALK... CAN'T STEAL... **CAN'T KILL!** THAT'S WHAT TOP SECURITY AGENT DON STARR THOUGHT, TOO. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE **HE** FACED THE NIGHTMARE CREATIONS OF **THE DOLLMASTER.** DON IS CAPTURED BY THE EVIL GENIUS BUT MANAGES TO ESCAPE INTO THE GROUNDS OF THE DOLL-MASTER'S LAIR. THEN HE IS TRAPPED BETWEEN A FIENDISH MOAT... AND THE STALKING, SHOOTING, **LIVING DOLLS**...



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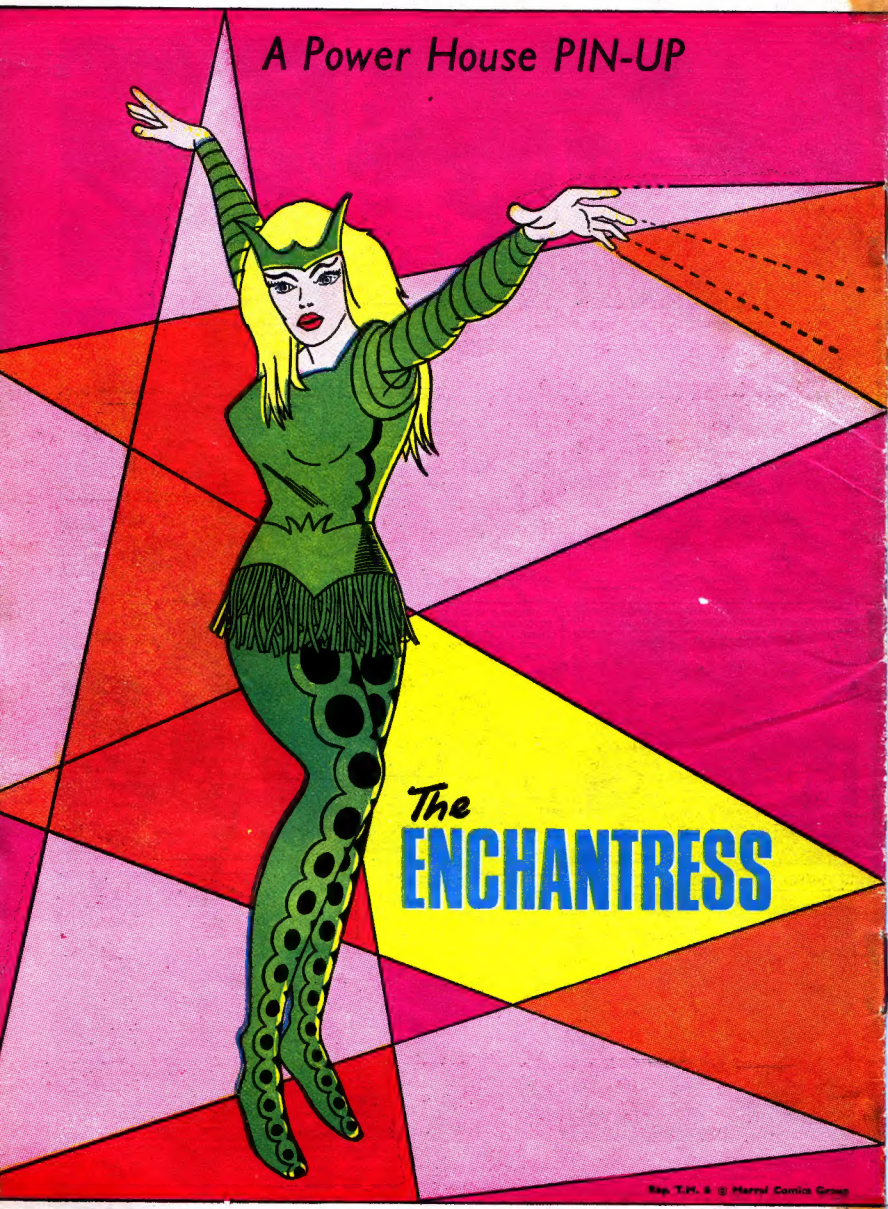
A Power House PIN-UP
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